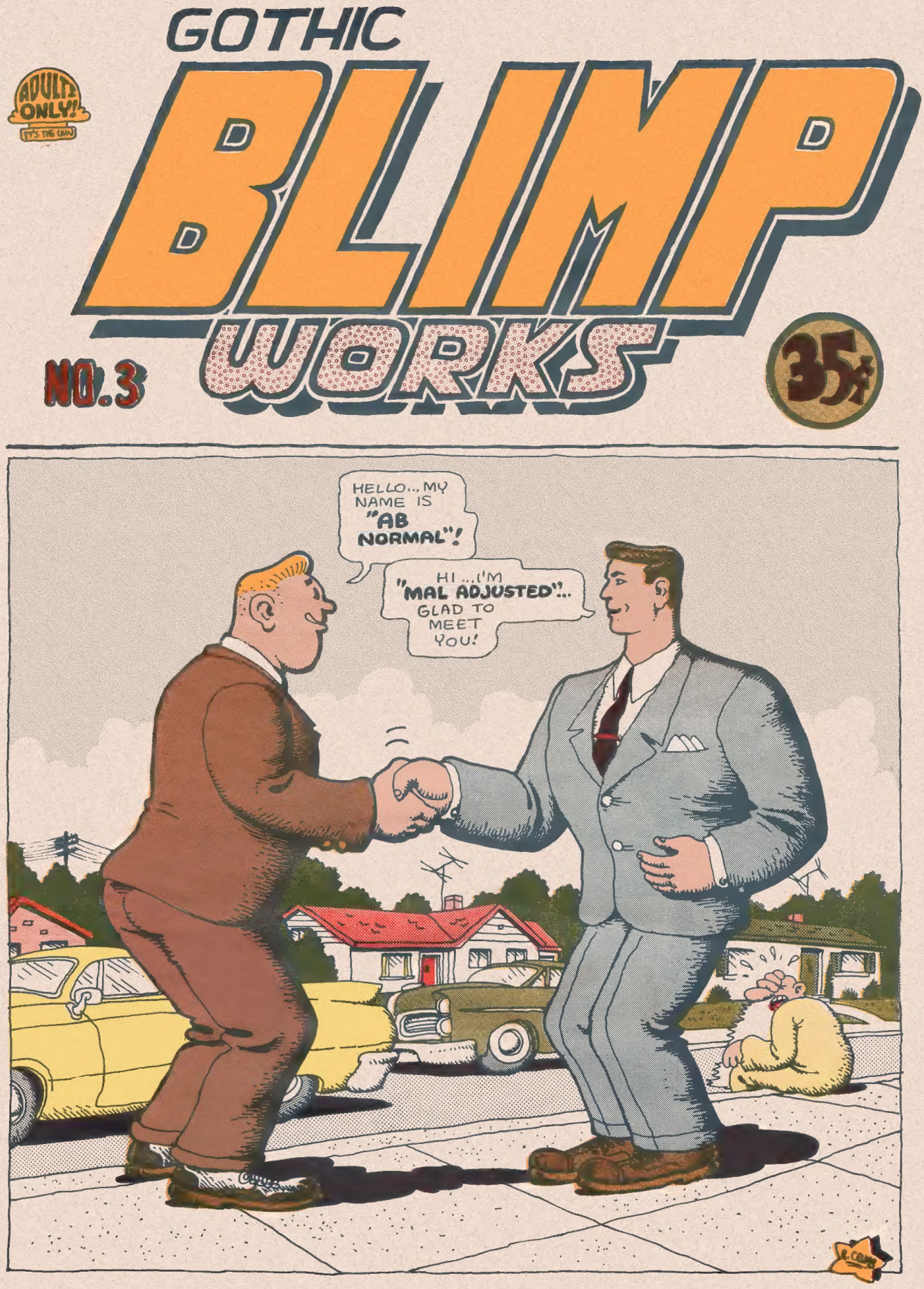
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BLIMP
WORKS
NO.3
35¢
ADULTS ONLY!
IT'S THE LAW
HELLO... MY NAME IS "AB NORMAL"!
HI ...I'M "MAL ADJUSTED"... GLAD TO MEET YOU!

Prophet
EVEN HIS BLOOD WAS RUBBERY...
59TH ST.
THE BRIDGE IS BEHIND ME, AND THE SONS NEVER SHOWED UP...
CHEE! IT'S NOTHIN' LIKE CANARSIE...
'Scuse me!
Got a light, Mac?
THE NAME IS FREE-LANCER...
A name is a name, boy! Take the prophet, f'r-instance. The name's a game!
WHO?
C'mon, kid! I'll innerduce ya to The Main Man ... in person!
TAKE YOUR ARM OFF ME...
TO BE CONTINUED

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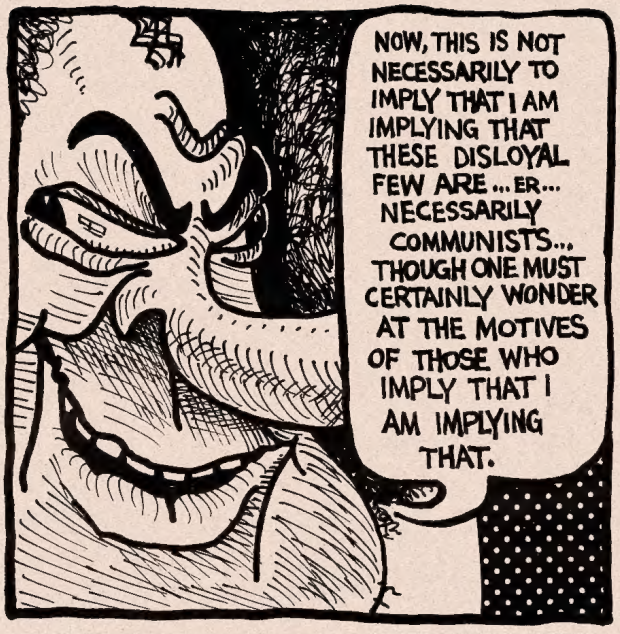

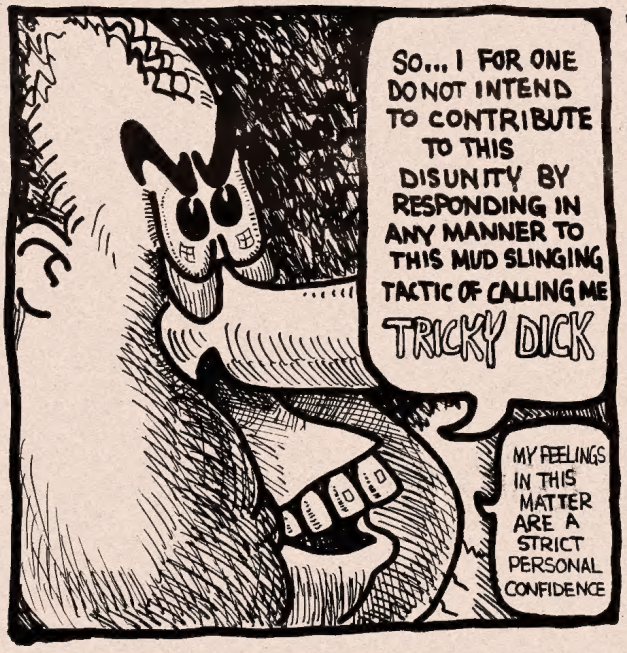

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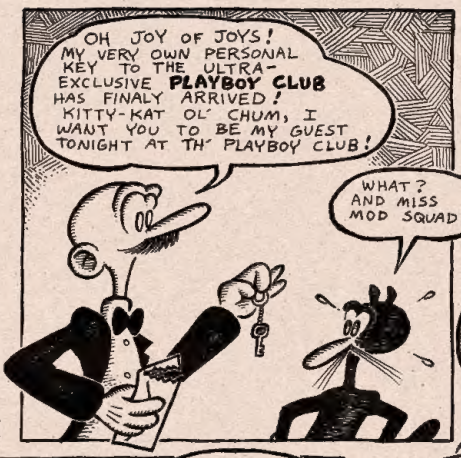
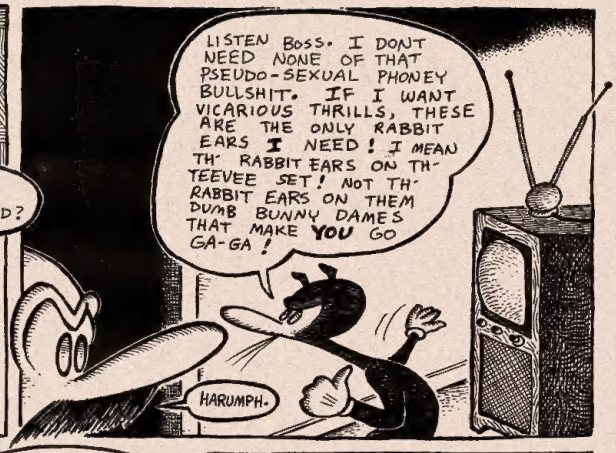
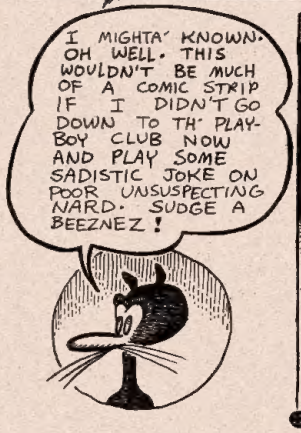
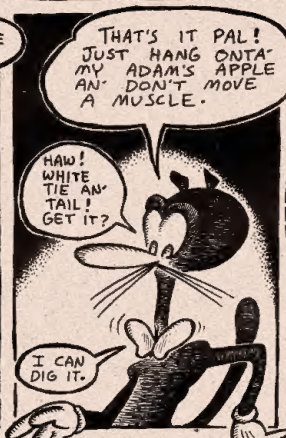
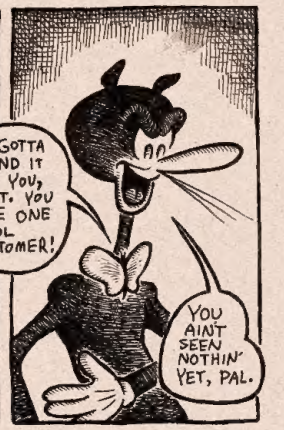
ENTERTAINING PARTY LAFFS FOR SOPHISTICATED ADULTS. BY JAYZEY LYNCH

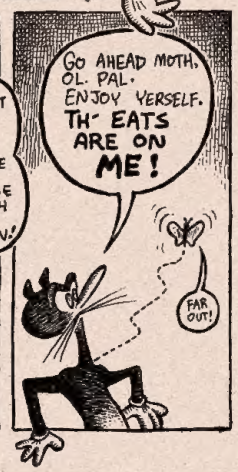


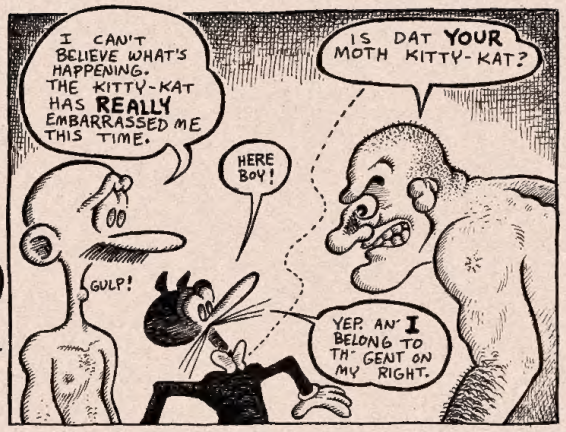


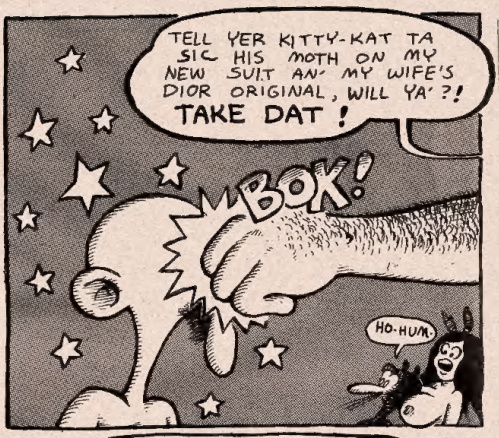


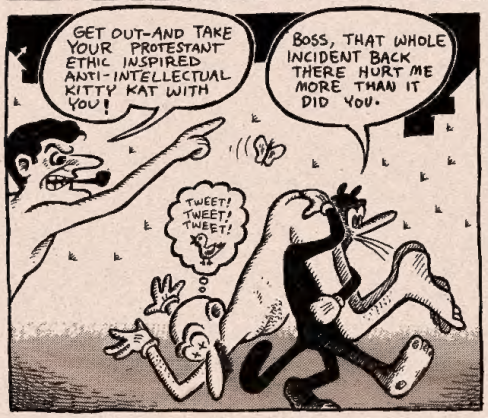












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STICK PAPERS

BY ADOLF LOWENSTEIN

ONE DAY, JACK THE BOLT WOKE UP AND DECIDED TO TAKE A WALK — WHEN: SUDDENLY:

JOINT

JACK THE BOLT

WELL! HOT DAMN IF I DIDN'T JUST FIND A JOINT IN THE GUTTER!

GUTTER

THEN

FUCKIN' HIPPIE! HATE! HATE! I'M GONNA BUST YOUR SKULL!!

HELMET

COP

COP

CURB

JACK THE BOLT, THE EVIDENCE HAS BEEN PRESENTED, AND I FIND YOU GUILTY OF TREASON, MANSLAUGHTER, INDECENT EXPOSURE, AND INSULTING AN OFFICER. YOU'RE SCREWED INTO 6,231 YEARS IN A CAGE!" HA. HA.

JUDGE

JUDGE

SNIFF.

BANANA

BUT... BUT... AH—

JACK THE BOLT

BIT IN THAR, SCUM!!! AH'LL BE BACK IN 6,231 YEARS. DAMN SHIT-FREAK!

JAIL GUY

HISSSS:

JAIL GUY

FUCK OFF—

CELL DOOR

UM... I DON'T BELIEVE I REALLY UNDERSTAND THIS... AH...

...HE SAID... IT WAS SAID...

IT WAS SAID...

—AH— LOOK OUT YOUR ONLY WINDOW... IT WAS SAID — LONG AGO — LONG... MANY CENTURIES BEFORE...

BEFORE — BEFORE — AND-AH- IT WAS SAID, AS THE TROOPS PREPARED TO LEAVE FOR THE FAR LANDS, "DO NOT RESIST THAT WHICH DEVOURS THE PURPOSE OF YOUR LABOURS, BUT FAVOUR AMONG IT THAT WHICH SAVES." AND SAM TURNED TO KALEB AND HE KNEW—

HEY! SHADDAP IN THERE, PUNK!

UM— YES... SHUT... AH... SAM TURNED TO KALEB AND HE KNEW...

HE KNEW THAT IF THE BATTLE WAS TO BE WON, IT WOULD REQUIRE THE AID OF AT LEAST NINE OF THE FOURTEEN GODS. "RESIST" HE SAID AGAIN, REFUSING TO CONCEDE TO HIS ENEMIE'S TERMS. "IT IS NOT A MAN WITHOUT PRIDE, BUT RATHER A TOOTHLESS SAW." AND WITH THIS HE WAS AGAIN GONE. AND WITH THIS THE FOURTH PROPHECY WAS FULFILLED —

SO, AT THE DAWN SAM COLLECTED HIS OWN, PAID THE PRICE OF A THOUSAND, AND KNELT BY KALEB'S GRAVE. "IT IS THAT ANGELS HAVE LEFT NO WORD." HIS WORDS WERE SILVER. "AND IT IS AGAIN THAT THE MAN OF ALL MEN, THE GOD OF ALL GODS, AND THE SOUL OF ALL SOULS HAS LEFT ME..."

JACK THE BOLT

"NO!" THE GODS CRIED. IT...

GOD DAMN IT, PUNK! I SAID SHADDAP!

AH... ...THE GODS CRIED. IT... IT IS NOT FOR YOU TO DECIDE; CAME A THOUGHT. IT IS NOT FOR THE PRIEST, THE GENERAL OR THE KING TO PUT A PRICE ON YOUR SOUL. AND, AGAIN, THE VOICE: "ASK NOT WHEN THE WATERS COME. ASK NOT WHO THE WIND DELIVERS. BUT INSTEAD, REMEMBER WHO IT WAS THAT GRANTED YOU YOUR SALVATION. AND WITH THIS, AND ANY FORM OF THIS TRUTH IN YOUR HANDS, YOU MAY NEVER DIE." SO SAM GAVE UNTO THE VOICE THE FRUITS OF HIS AWAKENING, AND PASSED THIS KNOWLEGE ONTO MYSELF... IN... IN...

OKAY, PUNK! YOU'VE HAD IT! I'M COMIN' IN THERE AND BEAT THE SHIT OUTA' YOU!

...IN MY DELUSIONS...

..AND..AH...

...IN MY LIFE...

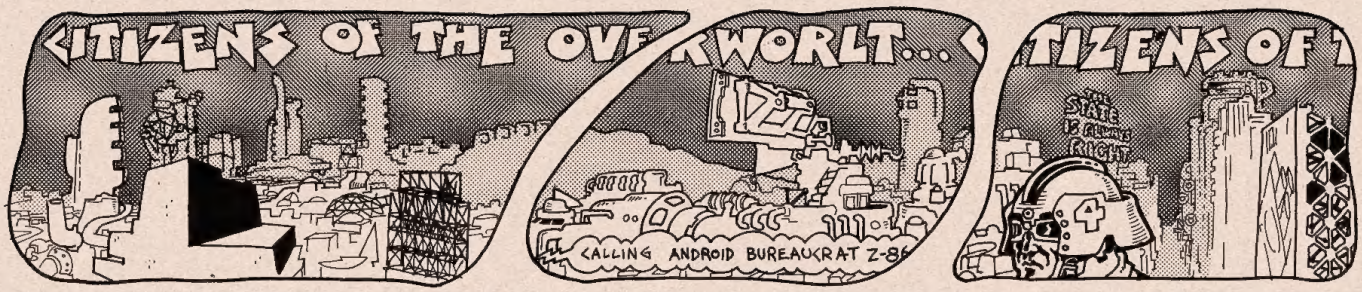
OKAY, WHERE ARE YA, SHIT?! I MEAN... UH- HEY! WHERE ARE YA, PUNK?

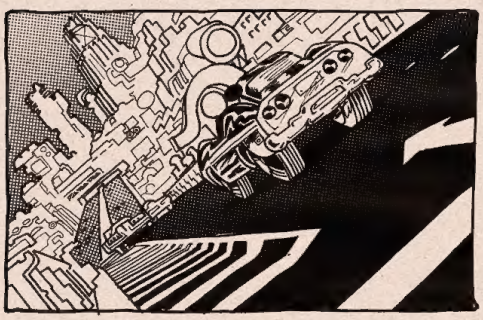
...AH.....HMMM...

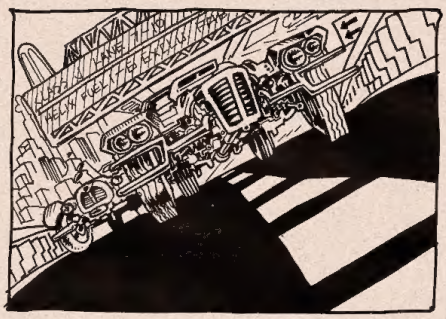
JAIL GUY

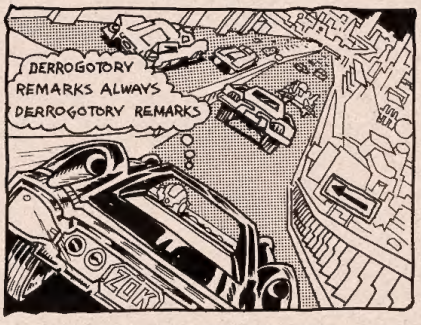
JAIL GUY

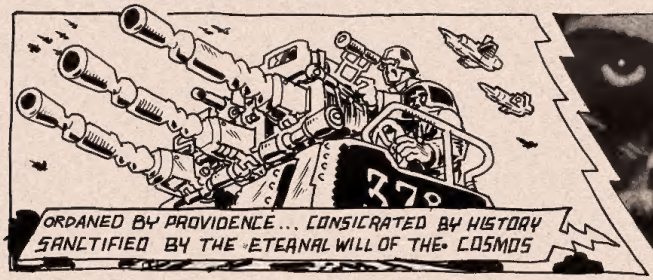
END.

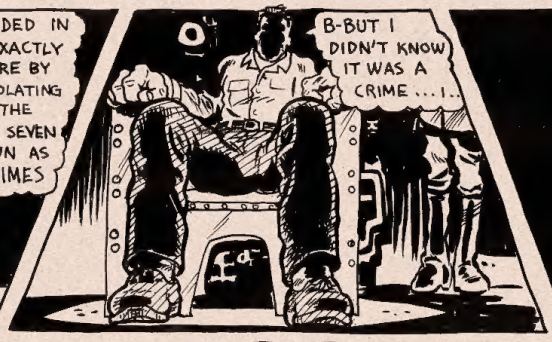












I AM NOT INTERESTED IN EXCUSES MR LORTON, YOU WERE CAUGHT INSIDE THE DESIGNATED AREA DURING THE DESIGNATED TIME; THAT AREA IS CHANGED FROM DAY TO DAY FROM HOUR TO HOUR ANY ONE CAUGHT WITHIN THE DESIGNATED AREA AT THE DESIGNATED TIME IS CHARGED MR LORTON WITH RANDOM CRIMES AND WILL BE SENT OFF FOR KARMIC REHABILITATION

NOW TAKE HIM DOWN TO PATHOLOGY ... DON'T FORGET TO CHECK HIM OUT FOR PARANOIA AND OTHER CRIMINAL TENDENCIES

GOLLY KIDS! DON'T MISS THIS GREAT OFFER

CHECK YOUR FRIENDS FOR PARANOIA...

BE THE FIRST ON YOUR BLOCK JUST FILL IN THIS BLANK AND SEND TO CITIZENS OF THE OVERWORLT BOX 5111 POWERS

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

SERIAL NO. _____

MOMS NAME _____

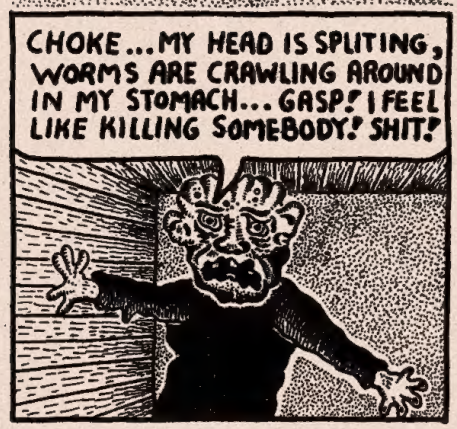
OTHER PERTANANT DATA FOR OUR DOSSIER

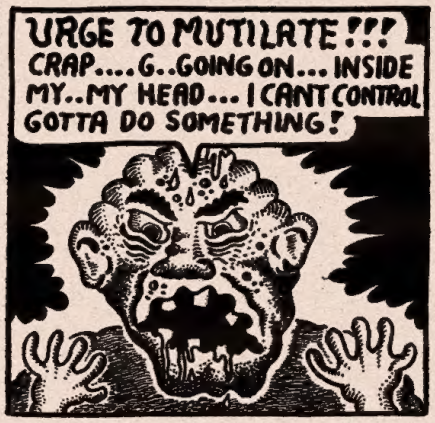
DADS NAME _____

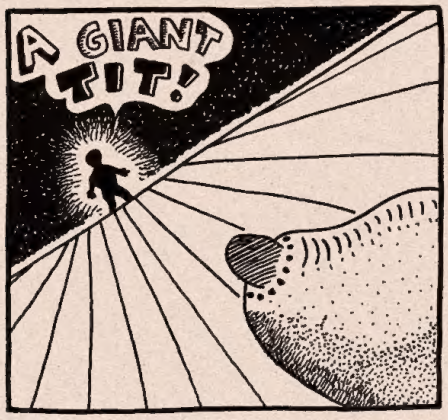
AND OTHER GREAT CRIMINAL TENDENCIES JUST THINK OF IT 52 THATS RIGHT 52 CRIMINAL TENDENCIES TO CHOSE FROM

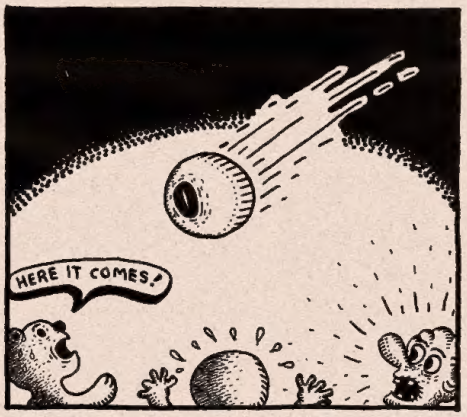
VIOLENT COMICS

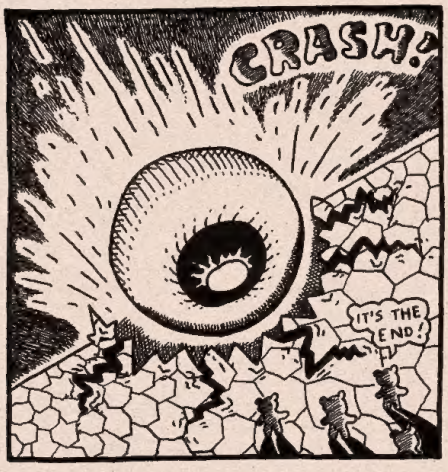
BY R. HAYES (WHOEVER THE HELL HE IS!)

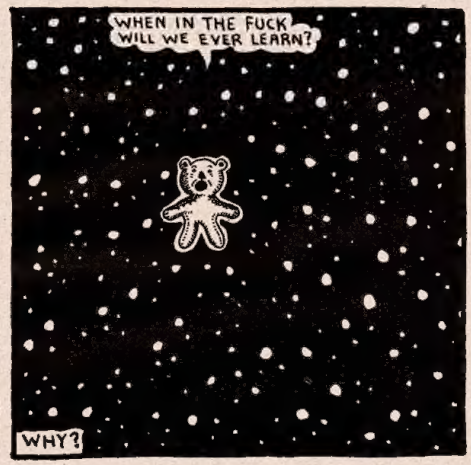




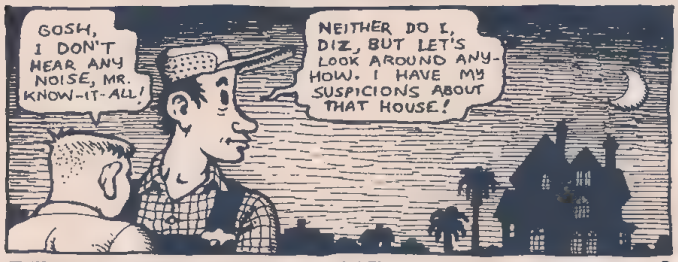






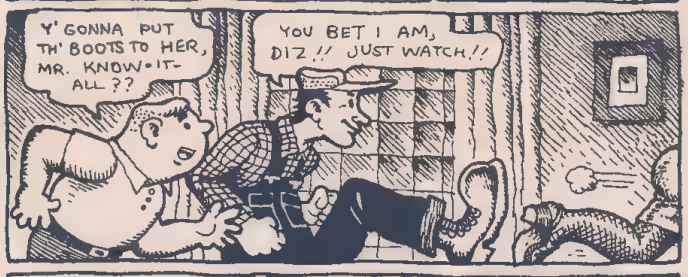


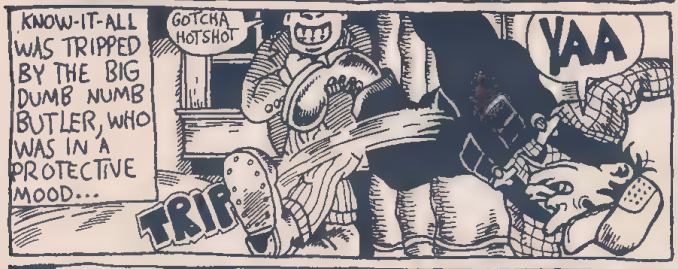
MR. KNOW-IT-ALL and his pal DIZ
in
WHAT THE FUCK
THAT OL' MAN NEVER LISTENED TO RADIO..
R. CRUMB and S. CLAY WILSON-1969


GOSH, I DON'T HEAR ANY NOISE, MR. KNOW-IT-ALL!
NEITHER DO I, DIZ, BUT LET'S LOOK AROUND ANYHOW. I HAVE MY SUSPICIONS ABOUT THAT HOUSE!

INSIDE THE TREMENDOUS HALL...
SHIT.
LISTEN TO THE VOICES MERLE..
GREK LEEK

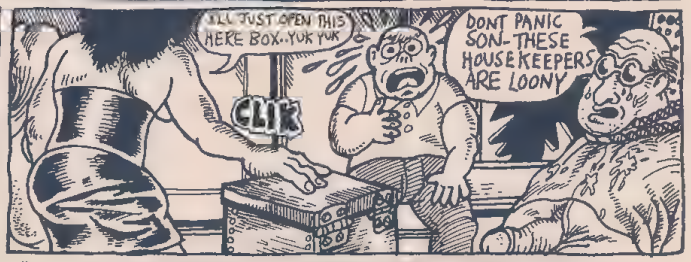
YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS!!
SOMEBODIES OUT THERE.. FRIENDS OF YOURS MERLE?


Y' GONNA PUT TH' BOOTS TO HER, MR. KNOW-IT-ALL??
YOU BET I AM, DIZ!! JUST WATCH!!

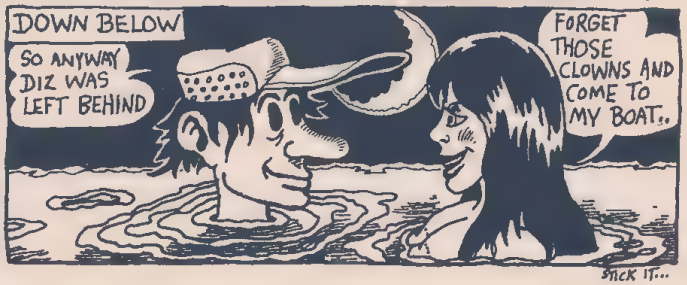

KNOW-IT-ALL WAS TRIPPED BY THE BIG DUMB NUMB BUTLER, WHO WAS IN A PROTECTIVE MOOD...
GOTCHA HOTSHOT
YAA
TRIP

OUT THE WINDOW AND OFF THE EDGE OF A HUGE PRECIPICE WHERE THE BACK YARD SHOULD HAVE BEEN!
AAA!!!EEE!

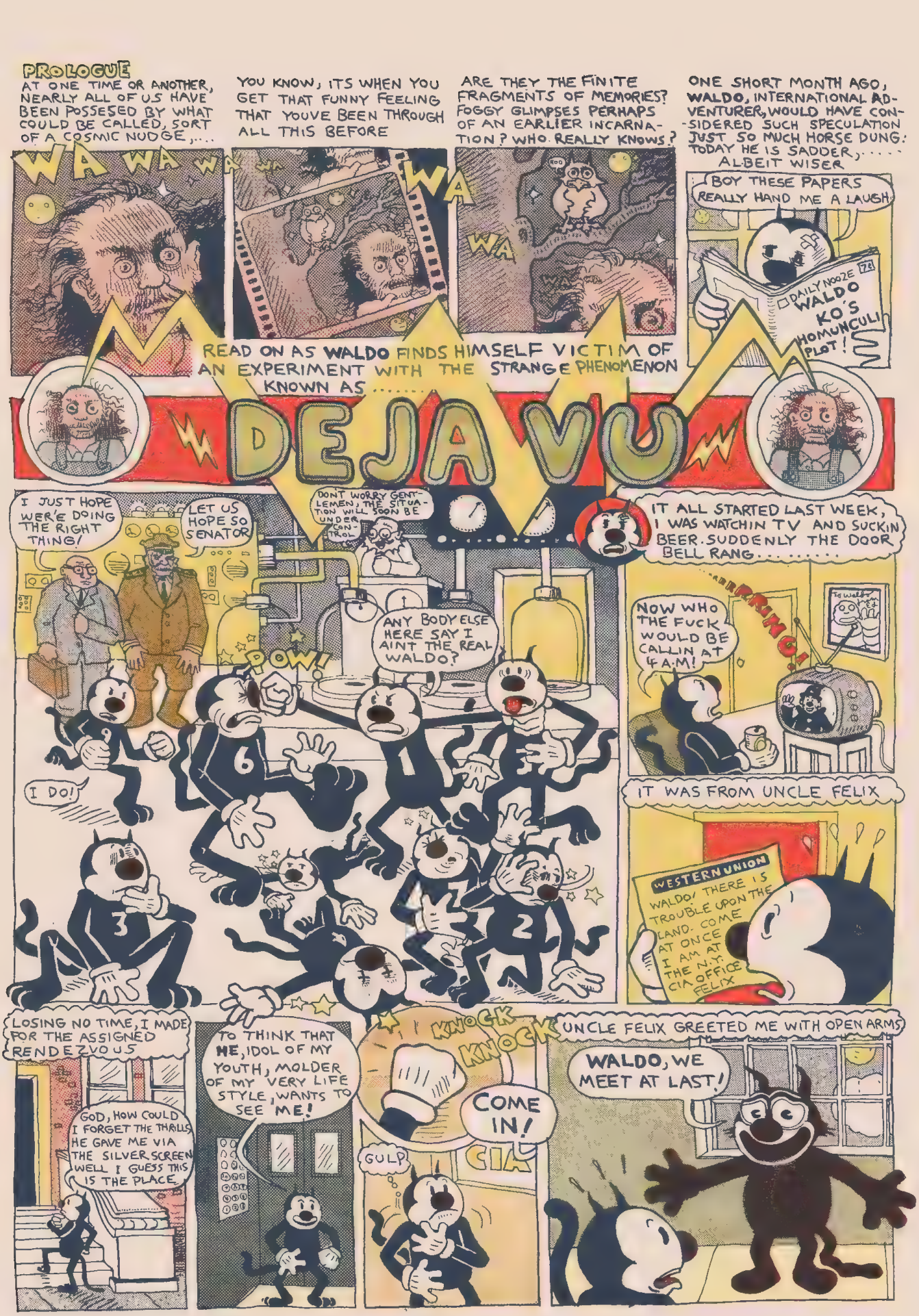
WAH!
DON'T CRY, LAD, WE'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU...
LET'S CHECK HIS WORK


I'LL JUST OPEN THIS HERE BOX..YUK YUK
CLIK
DONT PANIC SON-THESE HOUSEKEEPERS ARE LOONY

YEOW!
A BOX FULL OF SPIDERS!
HAR HAR!
WATCH HIM JUMP AN' SCREAM!

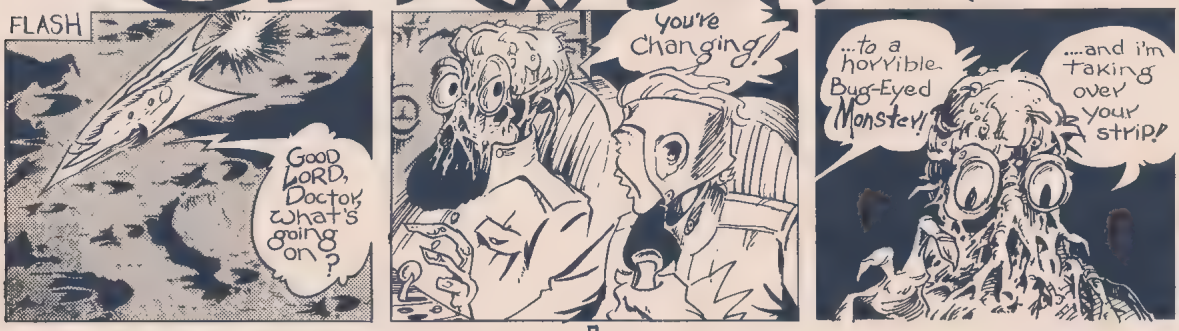

DOWN BELOW
SO ANYWAY DIZ WAS LEFT BEHIND
FORGET THOSE CLOWNS AND COME TO MY BOAT..

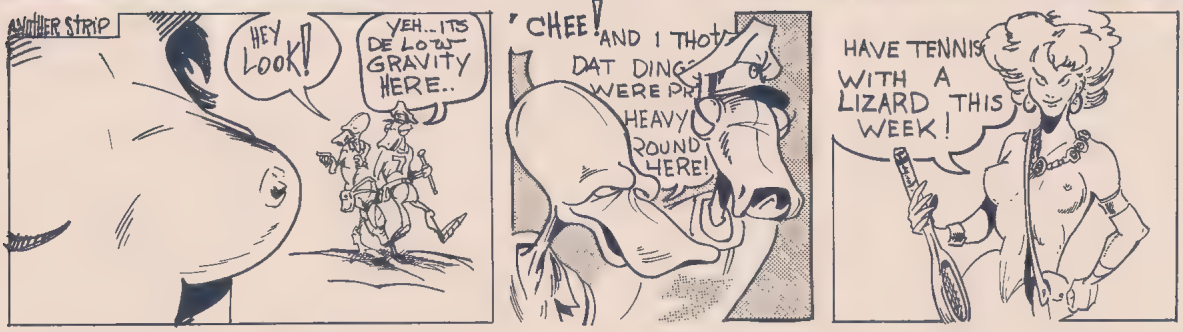
STICK IT...

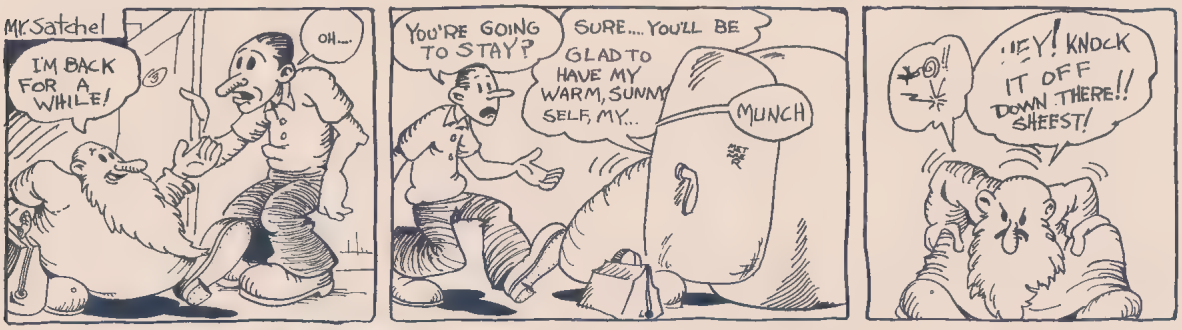

PROLOGUE
AT ONE TIME OR ANOTHER, NEARLY ALL OF US HAVE BEEN POSSESED BY WHAT COULD BE CALLED, SORT OF A COSMIC NUDGE,....
YOU KNOW, ITS WHEN YOU GET THAT FUNNY FEELING THAT YOUVE BEEN THROUGH ALL THIS BEFORE
ARE THEY THE FINITE FRAGMENTS OF MEMORIES? FOGGY GLIMPSES PERHAPS OF AN EARLIER INCARNATION? WHO REALLY KNOWS?
ONE SHORT MONTH AGO, WALDO, INTERNATIONAL ADVENTURER, WOULD HAVE CONSIDERED SUCH SPECULATION JUST SO MUCH HORSE DUNG. TODAY HE IS SADDER,..... ALBEIT WISER
WA WA WA
WA
WA
WA
BOY THESE PAPERS REALLY HAND ME A LAUGH
DAILY NOOZE 7¢
WALDO KO'S HOMUNCULI PLOT!
READ ON AS WALDO FINDS HIMSELF VICTIM OF AN EXPERIMENT WITH THE STRANGE PHENOMENON KNOWN AS .....
DEJA VU
I JUST HOPE WER'E DOING THE RIGHT THING!
LET US HOPE SO SENATOR
DONT WORRY GENTLEMEN, THE SITUATION WILL SOON BE UNDER CONTROL
IT ALL STARTED LAST WEEK, I WAS WATCHIN TV AND SUCKIN BEER. SUDDENLY THE DOOR BELL RANG.....
POW!
ANY BODY ELSE HERE SAY I AINT THE REAL WALDO?
I DO!
RING!
NOW WHO THE FUCK WOULD BE CALLIN AT 4 A.M!
IT WAS FROM UNCLE FELIX
WESTERN UNION
WALDO, THERE IS TROUBLE UPON THE LAND. COME AT ONCE I AM AT THE N.Y. CIA OFFICE FELIX
LOSING NO TIME, I MADE FOR THE ASSIGNED RENDEZVOUS
GOD, HOW COULD I FORGET THE THRILLS HE GAVE ME VIA THE SILVER SCREEN WELL I GUESS THIS IS THE PLACE
TO THINK THAT HE, IDOL OF MY YOUTH, MOLDER OF MY VERY LIFE STYLE, WANTS TO SEE ME!
KNOCK KNOCK
COME IN!
GULP
CIA
UNCLE FELIX GREETED ME WITH OPEN ARMS
WALDO, WE MEET AT LAST!

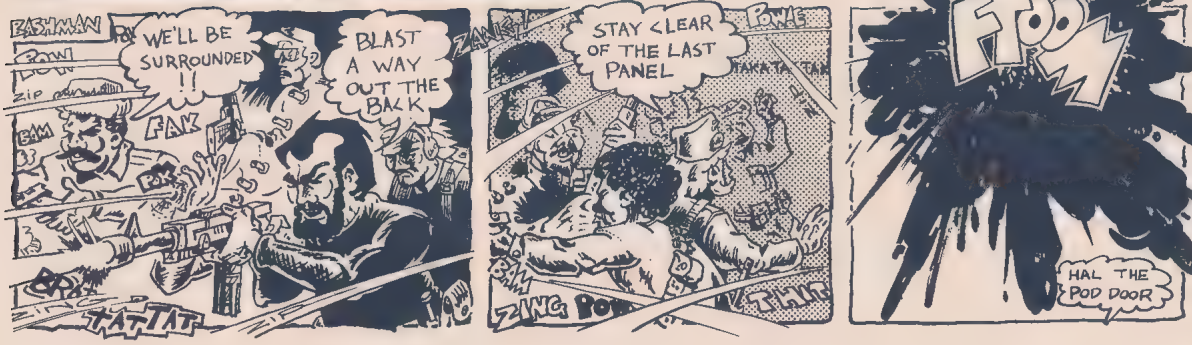
I'VE BEEN FOL--LOWING YOUR EXPLOITS FOR SOME TIME YOU KNOW
GEE!
ULP
OH I DONT GO FOR ALL THE NIT WIT THINGS YOU KIDS DO, THE TURNIN ON AND LEWD BEHAIVIOR! .... JUST THE SAME,
GOSH
...I LIKE YOUR STYLE KID
SEE HERE! WHAT ARE WE RUNNING HERE, A HIGH LEVEL BRIEFING, OR A CHURCH, SOCIAL?
I DON'T GET IT; WHAT DOES ANY OF THIS HAVE TO DO WITH ME?.... AND WHO ARE THESE GUYS?
EASY LAD, SINCE I QUIT PICTURES, I'VE BEEN WORK--ING WITH THE CIA, ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE MY COLLEAGUES
I'VE HEARD GOOD THINGS ABOUT YOU, LETS HOPE THEYRE TRUE
FIRST THERE'S GENERAL BIFF BARTWELL OF THE JOINT CHEIFS OF STAFF
NEXT WE HAVE PEARLWOOD SUGS, PRESIDENT NIXON'S PERSONAL ADVISER
WE MUST CLASP THE CHALICE OF OPPORTUNITY UNFLINCHINGLY.
AND FINALLY, WE HAVE OUR SCIENTIFIC AUTHOR--ITY, DR. HELMUT KEESLER
THE PLEASURE IS ALL MINE
LET ME BRIEF YOU ON THE CASE. BEING THE DIRECTOR OF THE PRESIDENT'S ORGANIC STUDY PROGRAM, I HAVE BEEN FOR YEARS INVOLVED WITH THE CON--CEPT OF CREATING SYNTHETIC LIFE!
I SHALL MAS--TER THE RID--DLE YOU HOLD!
OUR EARLY RESULTS WERE LITTLE MORE THAN THROBBING JELLY. THEY SELDOM SUR--VIVED A FORTNIGHT
LATER, IT WAS DISCOV--ERED THAT SMALL AMOUNTS OF HUMAN BLOOD, ADMINISTERED DAILY
RESULTED IN EVEN MORE IMPRESSIVE DEVELOPMENT
FROM THEN ON, OUR PROGRESS WAS SIMPLY AMAZING. IN WEEKS I HAD ALL MANNER OF SYNTHETIC BEASTY
SUCCESFULL THOUGH THE PROJECT WAS, IN MY HEART OF HEARTS, I YEARNED TO CREATE SOMETHING MORE THAN MERELY, A SYNTHETIC MENAGERIE!!
THUS MY NIGHTS WERE SOON ENGULFED BY A PROJECT ADVANCED FAR BEYOND ANY THE GOV--ERNMENT HAD IN MIND
SOON MY BOY, SOON YOU SHALL LIVE!
NO LESS, IN FACT, THAN A SYN--THETIC IMPROVEMENT ON MAN HIMSELF.....
...MILO!
UP AGAINST THE WALL HUMANITY!
WHO IS THIS MILO, AND HOW WILL HE EFFECT WALDO? OR SHOULD I SAY WALDOS! FIND OUT NEXT TIME

MCC COMIX PAGE









MISC. COMIX PAGE

UDSCLOUDSCLOUDSCLOUDSCLOUDSC

S and M comix.

David Prestone

ONE of the LAST JUDGEMENTS

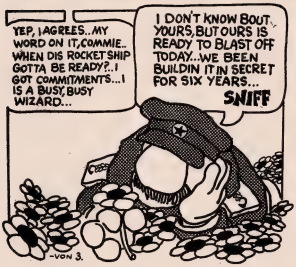
© OL' BRAND, 19-DUGHT-69

MMM BOY, DIS SURE IS GOOD... GIMME' SIXTEEN MORE, KID...OKAY, RED SAMBO, LET'S HAVE DA DOPE ON DIS SPACE STUFF..
WOW.
DA PARTY ISH CHALLENGIN YOUSE TO A SCIENTIFICAL SPACE RACE...DA FIRST ONE. DAT GETS A MANNED SPACE CRAFT TO DA MOOM GETS DA GRAND PRIZE.....

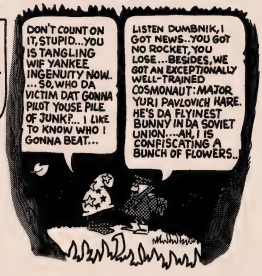
WHAT'S DA GRAND PRIZE, CHUBBY?..
DA SOVIET AIR MEDAL, AN MILITARY SUPREMACY...

OOOPS!
CRASH

DAT SOUND LIKE A COMMIE GRAND PRIZE ALL RIGHT... ISN'T YOU GONNA FEEL AWFUL STUPID PINNIN DA SOVIET AIR MEDAL ON ME?.. ...GET OUTTA MY FLOWERS...
YOU ISN'T GETTIN ANYTHING VIZARD!.. RUSSIA GONNA WIN IN A WALK.....DO YA' AGREE TO DA RACE DEN?..YOU SOLEMN WORD ON IT?....


YEP, I AGREES...MY WORD ON IT, COMMIE.. WHEN DIS ROCKET SHIP GOTTA BE READY?..I GOT COMMITMENTS...I IS A BUSY, BUSY WIZARD...
I DON'T KNOW BOUT. YOURS, BUT OURS IS READY TO BLAST OFF TODAY...WE BEEN BUILDIN IT IN SECRET FOR SIX YEARS...
SNIFF
—VON 3.

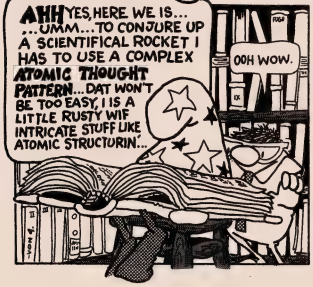
NOTHIN LIKE A LITTLE HEAD START, IS THERE BLADDER BUCKET?.... GET OUT OF MY FLOWERS..
DA PARTY IS A PROGRESSIVE ORGANIZATION DAT CATCHES DA EARLY WORM....I CAN'T HELP IT IF YOU DOESN'T HAPPEN TO HAVE A ROCKET HANDY, CAN I?. YOU GONNA LOSE BY DEFULT I HAPPY TO SAY...


DON'T COUNT ON IT, STUPID...YOU IS TANGLING WIF YANKEE INGENUITY NOW. ...SO, WHO DA VICTIM DAT GONNA PILOT YOUSE PILE OF JUNK?... I LIKE TO KNOW WHO I GONNA BEAT...
LISTEN DUMBNIK, I GOT NEWS...YOU GOT NO ROCKET, YOU LOSE...BESIDES, WE GOT AN EXCEPTIONALLY WELL-TRAINED COSMONAUT: MAJOR YURI PAVLOVICH HARE. HE'S DA FLYINEST BUNNY IN DA SOVIET UNION...AH, I IS CONFISCATING A BUNCH OF FLOWERS..

I GO NOW...DA PARTY ROCKET WIF, COSMONAUT HARE, ISH BLASTIN OFF IN AN HOUR...I'LL CALL YOUSE UP AN INVITE YOU TO DA VICTORY CELEBRATION..WE GONNA HAVE LOTSA' FLAGS AN STOMPIN TROOPS. YOU GONNA VIEW IT FROM DA LOSERS BOX!

DON'T COUNT YOU CHICKENS, FAT COMMIE!..I HAS YANKEE KNOW-HOW!..I NOT LICKED YET!

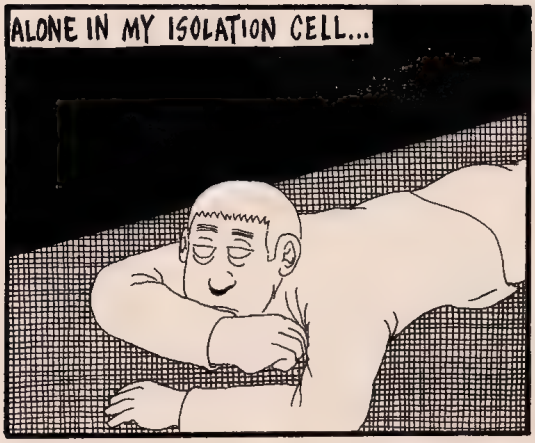
HOW DO YOU LIKE THOSE SNEAKY REDS. THEY CHALLENGES ME TO A SPACE RACE JUST CAUSE I DON'T HAVE A ROCKET...DATS TYPICAL OF DEM GUYS... COMEON, KID, I NOT GONNA BE DONE IN LIGHTLY, I GOIN TO LOOK INTO MY MAGIC BOOKS !!
HOLY SMOKE.

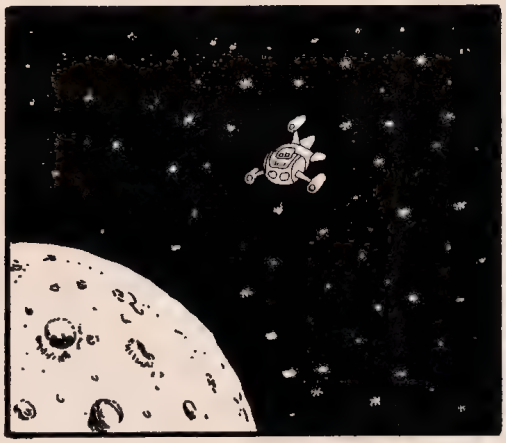

AHH YES, HERE WE IS... ...UMM...TO CONJURE UP A SCIENTIFICAL ROCKET I HAS TO USE A COMPLEX ATOMIC THOUGHT PATTERN...DAT WON'T BE TOO EASY, I IS A LITTLE RUSTY WIF INTRICATE STUFF LIKE ATOMIC STRUCTURIN'...
OOH WOW.

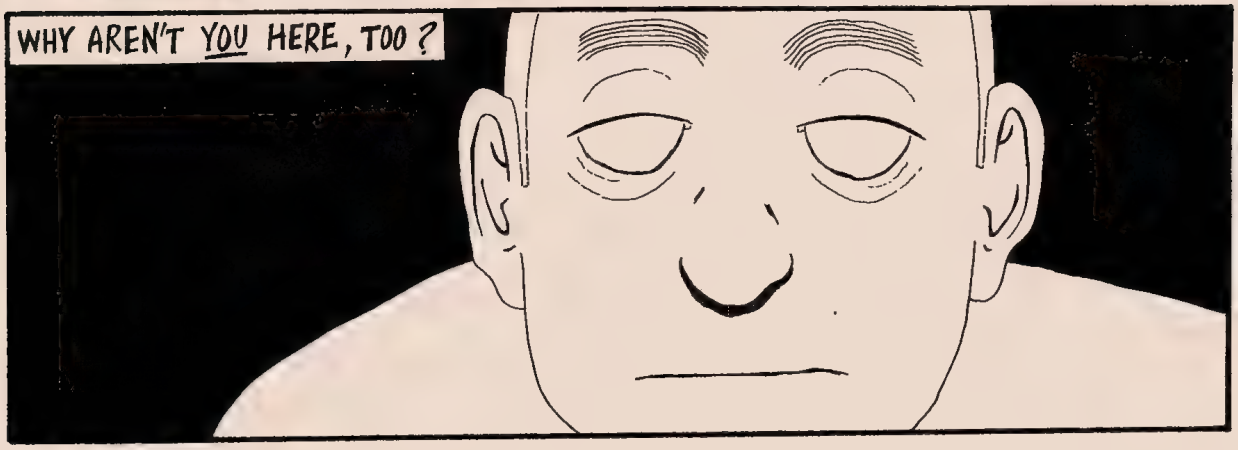
NOW WE HASTA' GO OUTSIDE... ITS MUCH TO BIG TO CONJURE UP IN THERE...YES SIR, A SATURN C BOOSTER WIF AN APOLLO CAPSULE...DAT WILL DO DA TRICK NICELY...YEP, HAVE TO HAVE PLENTY OF ROOM...
UMPH.

STAY BEHIND DAT TREE, PETER, DERS ALWAYS DA CHANCE IT GONNA BLOW UP...LIKE I SAID I NOT TOO GOOD AT HEAVY WIZARDRY...OKAY, NOW I HASTA' GO INTO MENTAL CONVULSIONS.. I GONNA FLOP AROUN'A LOT..YOU CAN TAKE NOTES, KID...
GEE WIZ!

Jay Kinney's SINA COMICS





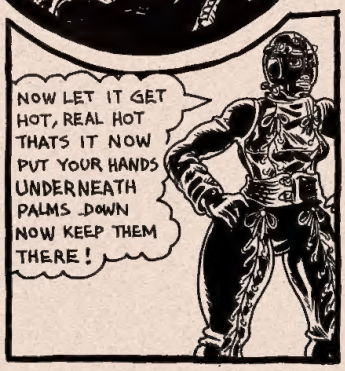


Auntie No-No

HI KIDS THIS IS YOUR AUNTIE NO-NO
I HEAR THAT YOU'VE BEEN BAD

YOU NAUGHTY THING WHAT YOU NEED IS DISCIPLINE TO TEACH YOU SOME RESPECT FOR AUTHORITY

GO OVER TO THE FAUCET AND TURN ON THE HOT WATER

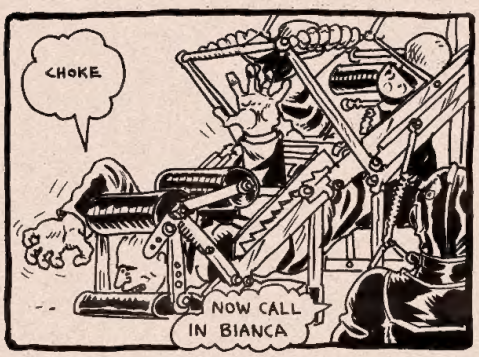

NOW LET IT GET HOT, REAL HOT THATS IT NOW PUT YOUR HANDS UNDERNEATH PALMS DOWN NOW KEEP THEM THERE!

YOU OUT THERE WHAT ARE YOU SNIKERING AT.. BRUTE BRUTE! YOU INSIPID CURR YOU'LL GET YOURS BRUTE!

BRUTE TAKE CARE OF THAT SNYDE INTERLOPER

C'MERE WIZE ASS

JUST STRAP HIM DOWN IN THE DYNO-MASSAGE THERA-PUTOR
WHERE YA WANT HIM BOSS


CHOKE
NOW CALL IN BIANCA

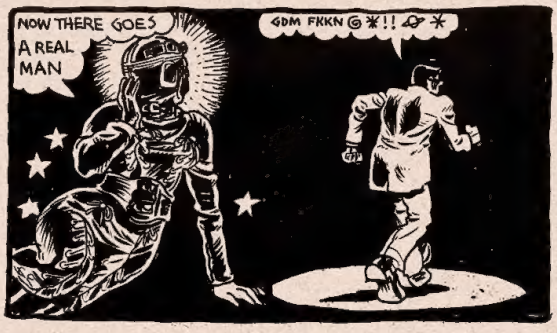
YOU SUMMONED

JUST AN EXPERT TOUCH A GENTLE PUSH AND

AIEEEEEEEEEEE

ALRIGHT WHATS THE RACKET
SLAM
SILVATHIN

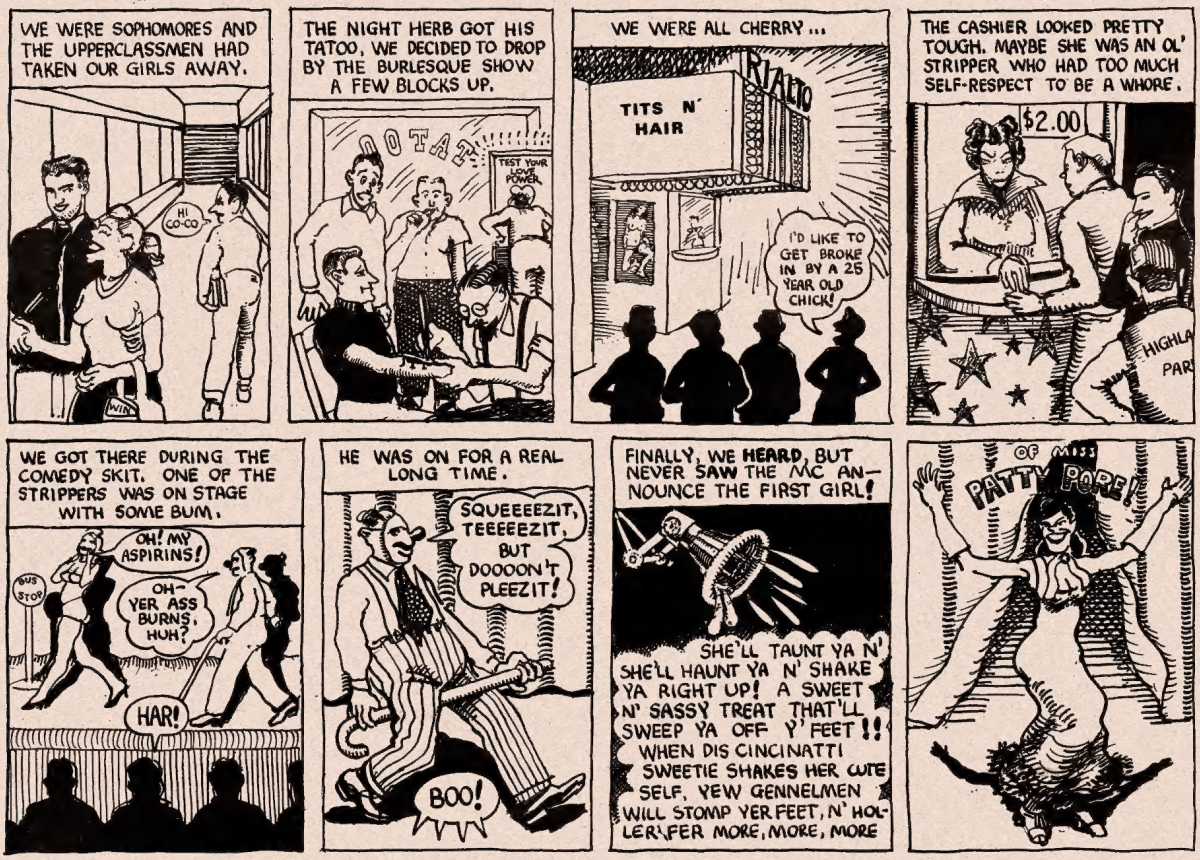
AAHHH!
OOF!
YOU DUMB CUNT CUT OUT ALL THIS NOISE AND GIMMIE BACK MY PACK OF CIGARETTES


NOW THERE GOES A REAL MAN
GDM FKKN @ ✱!! ✱

WHEN I WAS SIXTEEN ...

'TWAS A VERY BAD YEAR

J. GREEN 69



ORIGIN STORY
J rinas
See! Great silver bird falls from sky!
It lands yonder ~ let us find it!
It starts 30 years ago in darkest Africa...
...All dead but white baby girl with hair like gold...
Flower? ...mama?
AIEE! Simba, King of beasts, attacks!
He will devour the child ~ too late to save her ~ flee!
Nice Kitty...
PANTHEA
...is she woman, beast... or BOTH?
And it was indeed a nice Kitty...
Nice Kitty...
And the little girl grew up...
...Nice Kitty...
And Thus was born
...Beginning the adventures of a different kind of Jungle Queen...

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